

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

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Owner and Editor.

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FIFTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1899.

NUMBER 16.

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MRS. S. B. KASH,

Fashionable Milliner,

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AS SEEN BY TRUE PARTY MEN

Withdrawal of Goebel and Brown is the Only Hope—Demand Made is for This.

Petitions Are Now Being Pushed.

The plan of Judge John B. Hall, of Madisonville, Hopkins county, for adjusting the differences that now exist among the Democrats of Kentucky, which was outlined by him in an open letter to the Democracy of the state seems to be meeting with favor among the fair-minded Democrats throughout the state.

In Hopkins and Warren counties, where petitions have been circulated in accordance with the plan as mapped out in the letter of Judge Hall, the Democrats are readily signing them. Already several hundred signatures have been secured in both counties, and from the present indications a majority of the Democrats in both counties will sign the petitions. In a day or two it is expected that the canvass in these counties will be complete and the list of signatures will be published.

As stated no organized effort has been made to circulate these petitions in any of the counties, as yet, save Hopkins and Warren, but the matter will evidently be pushed all over the state as soon as possible. As suggested in The Dispatch, that the letter of Judge Hall be put at the head of each petition, the matter has been taken up by the Democrats in a number of counties and acted on by Democrats with phenomenal success. Several petitions with many signatures have been forwarded to The Dispatch. A prominent merchant of Buffalo, Ky., writes as follows:

"From what I can gather I think Goebel would carry this county over Brown by about 150 votes. There are a great many voters undecided as to what to do, therefore the party that gets the first work done in the county has the best showing. I don't think either man can carry the state with both on the track. I think it is the duty of every voter to sign a petition to get them off the track. I placed a petition in my store today and 50 Democrats signed it. However I don't think the strong Goebel men will sign it."

PARTY'S ONLY SALVATION.

A good part of the state press has joined the movement with The Dispatch and are frank in their statements that it is the only salvation of the Democracy of Kentucky. Among leading journals of the state that are now advocating the Lexington Daily Herald, Carrollton News, Owensboro Inquirer, Henderson Journal, Glenn's Graphic, Madison Hustler and Harrodsburg Sayings. To show the faith that the papers have in the project the following is quoted from the Sayings:

"The Goebelites tell you to vote for their man because Brown can not win and they want to beat Taylor. If there is any logic here, we answer that Mr. Brown is a stronger man than Mr. Goebel, and invite them to go with us. But if Democratic success is really what they want, let them meet us half way and declare both tickets off. This is the ultimatum, or a fight to the finish must be made."

In Hopkins county, where the circulation of the petitions for the withdrawal of the two tickets has been carried on in a systematic manner, it is true that most of the signers are Brown supporters, but at the same time, some Goebel men having the welfare of their party at heart, have signed the petitions. In Warren county almost the reverse is true. Of course the opposition to the Goebel ticket in this county is very bitter, owing to the outrageous treatment of the Warren county delegation in the Music hall convention. Here a number of Brown men have absolutely refused to sign the petitions. They say Brown will carry Warren county easy and stands a good chance of election. They claim he will run a splendid second, if not the first one under the wire on the night of the November election. In most of the other counties in the state the disposition of the Brown supporters is for a conservative course. They want to preserve the rights of the people as well as the principles of the party. If there can be no bringing together of the forces they are ready to push the fight to the bitter end.

BOMB IN THE GOEBEL CAMP.

The statement in Wednesday's Dispatch to the effect that J. W. C. Beckham, candidate for lieutenant governor on the Goebel ticket, would, in all probability, withdraw from the race, is a bomb in the camp of the Goebel radicals. Mr. Beckham undoubtedly foresees the disaster that must inevitably follow such universal disaffection in the ranks of the Democratic party. Many things add credence to the rumor that there is truth to the report. One of these is that he has failed to show up at several of his appointments to speak lately.

The fact that he was billed to speak at Standford Wednesday, and did not put in an appearance, unquestionably confirms the report that he is seriously contemplating withdrawing from the race. What few speeches Mr. Beckham did make were void of the usual Democratic ardor that is characteristic of the man. He sees the magnitude and force of the move against the fraud and corruption

of the Music hall convention and Goebalism in Kentucky, and that it will not down at any one man's or set of men's bidding, and the only way that he can wash his hands of the muddle is to withdraw. When he does, he will be strong in the hearts of his people.—Louisville Dispatch.

Three editions have already been printed of Biggle Horse Book, an announcement of which will be found in our advertising columns. This little book which is crammed full of information on the horse, costs but 50 cents, yet we are free to say it has as much practical, boiled-down information for busy people as books costing ten times as much. Put it in the hands of your boys and girls and get the hired man a copy. Free by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

There Is Nothing So Comforting.

PAULINA, OREGON, Aug. 13, '99.

MR. SPENCER COOPER,

You will find enclosed 50 cts., will you please send THE HERALD for it has felt to my happy lot in life to be a bachelor, and I cannot find anything that will comfort me in my solitude and loneliness like THE HERALD. Best regards to all of my Wolfe county friends.

Yours truly,

J. N. CONGLETON.

The body of Webster Snodgrass, of Norton, Va., who left home August 30, to go to the mountains and of whom nothing more was heard, was found on the mountains last week riddled with bullets. There is no clew to the assassin.

Ten New and Original Songs Which Can Be Had Free.

What will the great metropolitan papers do next? This is the question some one asks nearly every day. But there is one which leads all others. It has gained the sobriquet of "America's Greatest Newspaper" by just such remarkable pieces of enterprise as the one which has just now attracted the attention of the press all over the country.

Last week the New York Sunday World announced that it would give away an album of new and original music, consisting of ten of the up-to-date class of songs that are now so popular, such as songs of sentiment, "coon" songs, "cakewalks," &c. These ten songs the Sunday World proposes to distribute one each week, with every copy of the Sunday World. When it is considered that the average price of new music, written and composed by popular authors, is from 30 to 45 cents, the unparalleled enterprise of The World in giving the song away with a big Sunday newspaper, for which only 5 cents is charged, is apparent. The World requests that we publish the following announcement:

A Music Album free. From Sept. 3 to Nov. 5, the Sunday World will issue weekly a song in sheet music form, with handsome colored cover. The entire set will be mailed, postage paid, for 50c. Remittances received after Sept. 3 will get the back numbers and each number issued. Besides the song, The World will also send its colored Art Portfolio, which is a marvel of journalism; its Sunday Magazine, which equals the monthly periodicals, and its Comic Weekly, which excels every comic weekly in the United



If you want to study **MUSIC**, Voice Culture, Piano, Guitar, or Mandolin; If you want to study **BUSINESS**, Book-keeping, Short-hand or Typewriting; If you want to study **LANGUAGES** and **MATHEMATICS**; If you want to take a **Collegiate Course**; If you want a **COUNTY** or **STATE CERTIFICATE**; If you want **ANY OR ALL** of the above, enter the

KENTUCKY WESLEYAN ACADEMY.

Fall term begins **Monday, Sept. 25, 1899.**

OUR WORK.

Our methods are more searching, and our moral and intellectual standard higher than any other school in Eastern Kentucky.

The same Faculty as for the past two years, and our work will be of the same high character. For catalogue or further information, address

E. E. BISHOP, Principal, Campton, Ky.

Hon. C. B. Hill and Judge S. W. Hager spoke at Campton Monday, returned and spent the night at the Day House, spoke at Ezel Tuesday and again spent the night at the Day House, leaving Wednesday morning for Walnut Grove. They spent Saturday night and Sunday with mine hostess, Mrs. Lou Day, and were so well pleased with her cuisine that as long as they were within riding distance they preferred stopping with her, which speaks volumes in her praise as a landlady.

The annual offerings for church extension and ministerial relief of the Christian church will be taken on the fourth Sunday in this month. At the same time and place, there will be a roll call meeting of the membership. Every member is earnestly asked by the board of officers to be present on the fourth Sunday at the roll-call meeting.

Fred Kellam, who erstwhile traveled this territory in the interest of S. M. Timmins & Co., Portsmouth, O., is now at the head of a health sanitarium at Hinton, W. Va., where he is doing a good business. See his ad. in another column.

Hon. J. B. White, of Irvine, will speak at Hazel Green on Wednesday, Sept. 13, in the interest of the nominees of the Louisville convention, and requests a full attendance of the people regardless of their views.

On Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, W. H. Cord will preach for Henry Adams at the Frank Johnson school house. His subject will be "Conversion." Come out and hear him.

THE KELLAM

CANCER,

MEDICAL

SURGICAL

HOSPITAL.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

MIDSUMMER MUSIC.

Oh, hear the blithe bumblebee booming along.

His trail in the garden a ribbon of song;
He flutters the porch to the trim holly-hock.

Then pauses awhile on the rose-tree to rock.

He tosses and tumbles
About in the sun,
And buzzes and bumbles
His heart full of fun;

Then out of the garden he whirls on his way

To frolic and frisk with the breezes at play.

Oh, hear the gay bobolink carol in glee.

A beam on the bough of the low apple tree,
Or circling about in a dream of delight

Where clover-seeds dimple in crimson and white.

No care his heart troubles;

With rapture he brims,
While madly he bubbles,
With song as he skims

Across the green field and the swift-dashing stream.

Whose gold-hearted lilies in peace dip and dream.

Oh, hear the red squirrel, that gambols care-free,

And chatters way up in the hickory tree,
O'erjoyed as the cricket whose notes rise and fall

As shrilly he flies in the mossy stone wall.

The wind in song's flitting—

The tree-toad in vain
Is rasping and spitting
The welkin for rain,

While, leaf-screened, the locust in sharp and in flat

Sounds loud the ta-ra of his rat-tat-tat.

Oh, midsummer's music's supreme in the mead;

It laughs in the rillet and lisp in the reed,
It rustles and ripples and romps in the leaves.

It sobs in the rain, in the whirlwind it grieves.

The bright daffodilly
It lures to repose;
It sighs in the lily,
And dreams in the rose.

While haunting the nooks where the fairies abide.

The charms it interprets of midsummer-tide.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Woman's Home Companion.

GEN. GRANT'S ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE

By Langdon Laine.

IN THE spring of 1880 Gen. Grant, after his memorable tour of the world, visited the southern states and brought his triumphal journey to a close at New Orleans, where he remained a week or two. There I accompanied the general to what proved to be perhaps the most exciting demonstration of negroes of those times, a demonstration which Gen. Grant called his most astonishing experience.

A new generation was entering on the scene, and although the men who had been conspicuous in the service of the confederate states had cordially welcomed Grant to the defeated section, there were people in the Crescent City who could not bring themselves to the point of taking part in the street demonstration in honor of the hero of the union army. Many of those who secluded themselves during the public ceremonies subsequently called on Grant at the residence of his cousin.

As the hour for the arrival of the Grant party approached the streets swarmed with black faces, shining with enthusiasm and hope. Somehow they conceived the idea that Grant had come, not as a private citizen, but as their Moses, to restore their political supremacy. They were more serious and less boisterous than on other public occasions, when their loud laugh distinguishes the southern from the quiet northern gathering. The escort of the Grant party was first a company of United States regulars, then a post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a civic society or two. It was not impressive as a procession, but as it came the fervor of the inflammable negro nature reached almost the limit, and when it passed the black mass fell in behind, filling the street from curb to curb.

The general was disposed to be as quiet as possible without appearing discourteous. When first asked to receive a delegation of colored preachers of the Northern Methodist church he pleaded fatigue. After some persuasion he consented to meet them at Wesley chapel, with the stipulation that there should be no general negro demonstration. "I had enough of that at Jacksonville," the general explained.

I was asked to go with the general, and Rev. Dr. Hartzell, a northern preacher then in charge of the church affairs in the city. A northern newspaper man, and a veteran northern soldier, I had no local political ambition to be injured, and had a lively curiosity to see the negroes.

It was a long drive, and on the way Grant was more than ordinarily communicative, which is saying a good deal. It was and still is a popular fallacy that he was not in all situations a reticent man. However self-contained he may have been in an official capacity, socially he was genial, cheerful and chatty. As he lighted a cigar, the carriage being open, he said:

"I have the reputation of being a hard smoker. There are people who

say my portraits are bad because there isn't a cigar in the mouth. That's a slander. I never in my life smoked to excess, and now I consume only three or four cigars a day. I am a slow smoker, and a cigar lasts me a good while."

As we passed the university buildings the general said that if the war had not come when it did he should have been a resident of the south, a professor in a southern college.

"Gen. Sherman," he explained, "had been the professor of mathematics in a college in Mississippi—I think it was Mississippi—and decided to give it up. He wrote to me at Galena, asking if I cared to take his place. I always liked mathematics; it was the study I had done best in, and I thought I might enjoy the work. It was decided that I should go, but then the rumblings of impending war caused me to change my mind, and with some reluctance I finally declined it."

When we were within about two blocks of the church we were shocked by the spectacle of a solid mass of black humanity. As they caught sight of the approaching carriage they made a furious rush, and with yells surrounded us. The two or three policemen in the neighborhood did all they could, but were powerless.

"Let us get out of this," exclaimed the general. "Driver, turn about and go back."

It was useless, however, to make the attempt. It was the determined purpose of every man, woman and child in the mass to shake Grant's hand or touch his person. The air was filled with cries. A tall old negro forced himself between the wheels, regardless of a busy club, and reached Grant's hand, crushing a new silk hat as he did it. Then, straightening himself to his full height, with hands above his bare head, he shouted: "Bress Gawd! I done shuck his han'!"

For nearly half an hour the scene was beyond graphic portrayal. These ignorant people, long deserted and neglected by their frightened leaders, sincerely believed Grant had come to New Orleans for the sole purpose of "leadin' us out ob de wilderness," as they shouted. Many of them did not know Grant's face, and so we three were almost equally the object of admiration.

A path was made at last from the carriage to the door, but at every step we were obstructed and crushed by the pressure of the crowd. Inside the chapel door we found matters hardly better. It took a long time to reach the altar. "Emperor William," an old negro, had charge of the reception. He stood on the platform, his face beaming with fervor and perspiration, obviously speaking at the top of his voice, but to his words were inaudible. Then the choir of a hundred voices burst forth with "De Bridegroom's Come." The marshals, all old negro preachers, had



"DE BRIDEGROOM'S COME."

little knots of their hair tied with narrow blue ribbon, and in their white cotton gloved hands they held red, white and blue batons, which they waved wildly. Every bit of space in the church was occupied exclusively by negroes. Not only that, but the crowd outside had climbed to the open windows, and, as they filled them entirely, not a breath of fresh air could enter. Only a great outburst of melody from the choir prevented a general hysteria, which was plainly imminent. To the singing the people kept time with their feet and their swaying bodies.

It was hardly conceivable that any negroes in the city were kept ignorant of the event, so thoroughly had the preachers betrayed the general. Scores of them must have worked all night to erect the platform and arrange the decorations. Over the pulpit was a large portrait of Grant, draped and festooned with flowers, and opposite was a similarly decorated portrait of Lincoln. Grant had not spoken a word from the moment we were fairly surrounded by the multitude. Now he whispered, as he wiped his flushed face: "I've been in Africa, but I never had as hot a time as this."

When Grant arose to speak there was a renewal of the cries, but the little pastor and the marshals soon restored quiet enough for his words to be heard. He spoke briefly, saying in effect that the colored people had their future in their own hands. He urged them to stick to the Bible and the spelling book and they were bound to enjoy their full share of material prosperity. To some, who evidently expected him to announce that he had come to consecrate himself to the restoration of their political rights, the speech was apparently disappointing.

A young negro, a teacher in the uni-

versity for colored people, made a brief, but really eloquent address.

"General Grant," he said, "you have been famous for epigrams that live in the hearts of the American people. You spoke the sentiment of a determined patriot people when you declared you would 'fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' But there was one sentiment, nobler than all, one that had sunk deep into the hearts of millions. When the landlog at Jacksonville would have driven back the colored people as they escorted you to your hotel, you said: 'Let them come; for where I am, there the colored people may be also.'"

For a moment it seemed as though the crowd would rush on the raised platform to lay hands on the hero, but the preachers, seated in the nearer pews, quickly passed Scott Chin from his seat to the platform. He was a tall negro, a preacher for 60 years, born in slavery. He seemed taller because he was thin, and he wore an old blue army overcoat which spread at the bottom and gradually contracted toward his narrow shoulders. As his head also narrowed at the top, he was exactly pyramidal.

Then a woman with the "gift of prayer" gave an extraordinary exhibition of the power of an uneducated mind. Before she ceased Grant had shaken hands with the preacher, and we moved rapidly toward the door, a path having been cleared by the zealous marshals. We were not, however, to escape so easily. When we drew near to the door, the people in the windows began to drop inside and make for the same exit to head us off. The glory of glories was to have shaken Grant's hand. Soon we were in the midst of the same excited throng, and through the door we could see a solid mass filling the streets.

"Can't we get out through the back door?" asked the general, and finding there was such a door, we fought our way toward the pulpit again. After having our feet trodden and a hard struggle, we emerged. The driver had been shrewd enough to make a circuit and outwit the crowd, and as he drew up we threw ourselves into the carriage exhausted. The multitude from all sides made an impetuous rush after us. "During the whole time until I had made my speech," Grant said, "I was wretched at having to speak. I never made a speech until I was forty years old, and I never enjoy any occasion where I have to do it." Then, taking off his hat, he turned and said: "Driver, take us to a good hat store; I've got to buy a hat."

At the most important hat store in the town there was not a hat of any fashion that was large enough for Grant's head. I have forgotten the size he wore, and only remember that something was said of its being as large as, or larger than, Webster's. Leaving an order for the hat, he had to be content with such brushing and smoothing of the old one as the hat man could do.

It was a pleasing evidence of Gen. Grant's power of endurance and quick recuperation, that after this exciting and somewhat distressing experience, he was still as spirited and vigorous as in the early morning. He visited several shops where he chatted with merchants, many of whom were old acquaintances, as though he had just risen after a night's rest. Although past the prime of life, and notably stout, his wonderful vitality promised many more years of active life.

Late that night I was aroused from sleep and handed cards of several reporters. They had heard the rumors of a wild time, almost a riot, at Wesley chapel, and appealed to me for particulars.—St. Louis Republic.

When Lincoln Died.

And so the hours passed without perceptible change in the president's condition, and with only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figures at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quieter, the face became more calm. The doctor's at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. Their bulletin of six o'clock read: "Pulse failing;" that of half-past six: "Still failing;" that of seven: "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and then at 22 minutes past seven, in the presence of his son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles and Usher, Attorney-General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor, and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness: "Now he belongs to the ages."—McClure's Magazine.

To Live with the Old Folks.

"And so you are about to lose a member of your family," said the old friend who had just heard of the approaching marriage of the daughter of the house. "Well, I'm not quite certain about that," replied the old gentleman. "Just at present I can't figure out whether I'm to lose a daughter or merely acquire a son-in-law."—Chicago Post.

Owned by One Family.

Covent Garden, London, has been in the possession of the Bedford family for 300 years.

HOW THE CLOCK IS SET.

Old Sol Is No Longer Regarded as the World's Most Reliable Time-keeper.

One of the duties of astronomers is to give us the correct time. Every day at noon an electric signal is flashed from the national observatory at Washington, or from some other observatory to which this "time service" has been assigned, to all the business centers of the country, and all clocks and watches are set directly or indirectly by this signal. This is a matter of common knowledge, but the way in which the astronomer sets his own clock is not known so generally.

Most persons have a vague notion that our standard time is obtained from observation of the sun. They have in mind the old sun dial, which indicated the hour at noon by a mark that showed when the sun was on the meridian, or, in other words, was exactly south, and their idea is that the astronomer can fix the hour of noon with greater precision because he has the means of determining with greater exactness the instant at which the sun's meridian passage takes place.

The truth is the sun has nothing whatever to do or to say in this matter of setting the clock. The sun is itself one of the poorest of timekeepers. It is almost always either fast or slow, sometimes to the extent of a full quarter of an hour, and is "right" on only four days in the year. It is from the stars, not from the sun, that the astronomer gets the time.

The stars perform their nightly march through the heavens, from east to west, with a perfectly regular movement, never hastening and never slackening their pace, which is only another way of saying that the earth turns on its axis at an unvarying rate of speed. A star crosses the meridian, and in 23 hours and 56 minutes, about, it will again cross the meridian, and it will cross this imaginary line in the heavens again and again, day after day, year in and year out, with always the same interval between two successive passages. The times at which all of the brighter stars cross the meridian have been ascertained from long and careful observation to within a small fraction of a second, and catalogues have been prepared in which these times of meridian passage or "transit" are given.

The astronomer charged with the duty of setting our clocks has only to observe the meridian passage of one or more of these stars in order to obtain the exact time. The observation is made by means of what is called a meridian circle, a small telescope so mounted on a horizontal axis that it can only point to the meridian. The observer looking through this instrument can tell the time at which the star crosses that line to within less than one second. He uses the observation for correcting the observatory clock, or rather for determining how much it is in error. For example, to-night the astronomer in Washington will observe a certain star cross the meridian at 10 hours 27 minutes 42.5 seconds, we will say, according to his clock. From his catalogue he will learn that the true time of the star's transit is 10 hours 26 minutes 54.37 seconds. The observatory clock will thus be found to be 48.13 seconds fast. He will make a note of the fact, which will enable him to-morrow at noon to set by telegraphic signal all the clocks within his range of service.

As to the observatory clock, it will not be disturbed. It may be gaining slowly, for no clock yet made is absolutely faultless, but it will be permitted to run on. It serves its purpose so it is not too far out of the way, and its error is checked regularly by the stars.—Philadelphia Record.

Helioland Is Germanized.

Alsace and Lorraine are not the only provinces in which the process of Germanizing an alien race has been proceeding rapidly. Nine years ago Germany got the little island of Helioland as the result of an African deal with England. At that time the people of the island were English in their sympathies and language, at least the English tongue was commonly used, and the place was known as a watering place, celebrated for its lobsters and nothing else. Since the time of the transfer great fortifications have sprung up on all sides, and it has become a Gibraltar on a small scale. Furthermore, the English language is never heard and all that is left to remind one of the old time is the lobsters, which are as good as ever. Bismarck was passionately fond of this particular beast, and for years Admiral Fitzhardinge Moxse, who was governor of the island, kept his table supplied with them. His one comment when the transfer became known is said to have been: "Ach, I shall get no more lobsters now."—N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

Unheard Of.

Hobb—There's something almost supernatural about the way your wife and mine agree.

Nobb—Is there? I never thought of it.

"Why, man, they both like the same doctor."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Way.

Seldom Feeds—What are you lookin' for work?

Soiled Spooner—Aw, jes' out of idle curiosity.—Puck.

THERE IS A LIMIT.

The Fourth Gentleman Severely Strained the Bounds of Human Credulity.

"You may not believe it, gentlemen," marked one of an after-dinner group engaged in smoking cigars in front of a hotel, "but I have used a fountain pen constantly for forty years, and have never had the least trouble with it."

"That is indeed remarkable," rejoined another. "Nevertheless I am the father of six children and have never had to walk the floor by night with a single one of them."

There was a silence, lasting a minute or so. Then another spoke up: "I don't doubt it in the least," said he, "for I can testify to something stranger still. I have a bright little four-year-old boy at my house, and I've never repeated any of his smart sayings to my most intimate friends."

"Gentlemen," observed a fourth, after a protracted and somewhat painful pause, "I am fond of hearing young women practice their scales on the piano after I have retired to rest. It lulls me to sleep."

One or two other members of the group made more or less feeble attempts to say something, but faintly gave it up. It seemed to be generally felt that the extreme limit of human credulity had been reached.—London Telegraph.

NOT ACQUAINTED WITH THEM.

Men Dead Fifty Years Elected to Office by Blighted Aldermen in New York.

A New York alderman indulged in a little fun at the expense of his associates the other day, and through his influence that honorably body elected two men, eminent men, dead these 50 years, to the position of commissioners of deeds. The names of the dead thus honored are: Noah Webster, lexicographer, and Lindley Murray, grammarian. The world says the trick was worked this way:

A slip of paper containing these names, with Brooklyn addresses, was circulated at the meeting of the board. Alderman O'Leary approached Alderman Bridges and said:

"Say, Jim, I've done favors for you. Here are a couple of men who want to be made commissioners of deeds. That fellow Lindley Murray told me he was a friend of yours."

Alderman Bridges looked at the slip and replied:

"I don't know the gent, and I ain't going to present his name."

Alderman Dooley, another member from Brooklyn, was persuaded to sign the application, and in less than ten minutes the formal vote electing Lindley Murray and Noah Webster commissioners of deeds was passed.—American.

Why They Are Nervous.

A correspondent says that those who dine with the queen are usually painfully nervous. Perhaps they are tortured with doubt of the propriety of raising the pie, not knowing whether her majesty or the cook made it.—Denver Post.

It is terribly hard for a boy to believe in the veracity of his father when he hears him declare that no one is truly happy and contented unless he has work to do.—Athens Globe.

Williams—"I understand you moved your family last week." Jackson—"Yes; my servant girl didn't like the location we were in."—Columbus Journal.

Some girls don't seem to think of much but wearing good clothes, and we don't blame them.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

The man who can give no reasons for his opinions is the hardest to change.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.



Ayer's Hair Vigor

What does it do? It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

It Prevents and It Cures Baldness

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

THE HERALD.



SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, : September 7, 1899.

THE citizens of Hazel Green and the immediate vicinity to the number of 103, by actual count, on Saturday had the pleasure of listening to Hon. S. W. Hager, candidate for state treasurer, and the Hon. C. B. Hill, candidate for secretary of state, for an hour or so, during which they explained the merits of the Chinn school book bill, McChord's railroad bill and the election law. They made no excuses for the Louisville convention, other than to say that Democratic conventions generally are not run on the same plan as Sunday schools. But they did hold up Mr. Goebel as a model man and the peer of any politician in Kentucky or elsewhere. They touched up the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and charged that it is an octopus which has its tentacles upon the throats of the people, and is crushing out all opposition to it and its schemes. They asserted that it is furnishing the Brown bolters with funds to fight the nominees of the Louisville convention and paying for many copies of the Louisville Dispatch to disseminate the doctrines of the Brown democracy. They both avowed their allegiance to the Chicago platform of principles, William Jennings Bryan and Jo. C. S. Blackburn. They made an earnest and manly appeal to the people to stand by and elect them as representatives of Eastern Kentucky, and thus demonstrate a pride in their young democracy. During their speeches the best of order prevailed, and the silence of all save the speakers was solemnly monotonous, nor can they claim that they were disturbed by even the least bit of applause or approval. They spoke and the crowd listened with respectful silence. That's all there was to it. The crowd was counted by Hon. S. W. Hager, but it is fair to say that the short time accounts for the smallness of it, their announcement having been made only a few days previous.

For the first time in the history of the state, perhaps, Eastern Kentucky has two candidates on the Democratic ticket for two of the most important positions in politics—secretary of state and state treasurer—and it is a pity that the Democratic party is not a unit that these young men might come into their reward. Both of them are without blemish in personal or political history, and not a murmur can be breathed against them other than that they are on the ticket nominated at Louisville, which is a sin sufficient in the eyes of some of the Brown bolters to politically damn them for the next decade. We refer to Hon. C. B. Hill and the Hon. S. W. Hager, of course, and parenthetically remark that there is nothing in the platform of principles of either party to prevent any man from voting for them, no matter who his choice for governor.

Now if you want to keep yourself posted on the political issue of the coming campaign, subscribe for THE HERALD.

HARRY ARNETT, of Salyersville, was at the Day House Sunday evening, and THE HERALD man interviewed him about the political situation in Magoffin, i.e. the Brown bolters, etc. "So far as Magoffin is concerned," said Mr. Arnett, "there is not much said owing to the fact of Mr. Hager's candidacy, but in Jackson, where I spend a good part of my time, and in Breathitt county, Brown has quite a strong following, among his followers being Charley Little, Sam and John Patrick, the Haginses, the Stidhams, etc., etc. Brown has 40 or more admirers in the town alone and in Breathitt county his following will perhaps number 200 or more. Indeed I heard Charley Little offer to bet \$500 that he would poll that many votes, and nobody nabbed the bet." Mr. Arnett is a Republican.

J. G. TRIMBLE, of Mt. Sterling, spent several days of last and this week here. In reply to an inquiry of THE HERALD man as to the Brown movement in Montgomery, he said that he believed Brown would poll more votes than Goebel in that county, and he would not be surprised if he carried the county. He says Mr. Brown is gaining strength every day.

BUDGET OF NEWS.

The heathens worship an idol of stone—the Republicans worship an idol of gold.

It is not considered proper in France to call a man a liar. He is always referred to as a "contributor to the dossier."

Americans are supreme in all branches of life, and if a competition in typewriters could be arranged between Gen. Otis and the notorious Gen. Weyler, there would be no reason to fear the result.

In the excitement of the moment, it has probably not occurred to most people that in our latest feat of expansion, we have succeeded in gobbling a full-fledged Mohammedan and all his tribe.

President McKinley alludes often to maintaining the honor of the flag, yet he interposes his authority to retain in the service, on full pay, an army officer found guilty of embezzlement by court martial.

It is now announced that President McKinley will take time to go to New York to attend the reception of Admiral Dewey, and incidentally gain a little reflected popularity for use in the campaign.

Funston's name is added to the long list of those who having visited the Philippines and had an opportunity to see the Filipinos, return to this country convinced that the expansion policy of the administration is wrong.

Attorney General Griggs says he will do nothing in the Carter court martial case until Carter's attorney, Wayne MacVeagh, returns from Europe. No doubt, the attorney for Capt. Carter can be induced to prolong his stay to help out his client.

The Idaho, Wyoming and North Dakota regiments have arrived at San Francisco from Manila, and a large number of the men say that the Islands are not worth keeping as a gift, and that it may take years to complete the conquest.

Bryan's latest suggestion to "license the trusts," while calculated to startle one at first in its originality, is a most excellent plan, for the granting the license, the Federal Government can make such conditions will squeeze the water out of the stock and prevent the monopolization of any industry.

Because of the petty jealousies surrounding the Otis regime in Manila, it is a well known fact that whenever that gallant soldier Lawton, or any of the other fighting generals, is about to accomplish anything of importance, he is immediately recalled and put on other duty, and it is owing to this scheming that the war is allowed to drag.

Union labor in the United States will scarcely endorse the arrest and sentence by United States authorities in Cuba, of a man named Ferrer, a delegate to the Cuban Masons' Union, who got ten days imprisonment for having peacefully urged some carpenters to join a mason's strike. If United States troops are used against labor in this way in Cuba, how long will it be before the same authorities will take similar action against labor in the United States?

The Western Union claims to have a grant from Spain of the exclusive right

to lay cables in Cuba. Whether this claim is well justified, it would seem might be left for the courts to determine, but the Administration has interlined to uphold the monopoly to the extent of employing American troops to prevent the landing of a cable of a rival company. Thus it is again demonstrated that the big monopolies have good cause for favoring President McKinley's re-election.

Although the proclamation of the Philippine Commission last April promised that "local funds, collected for local purposes, shall not be diverted to other ends," it is stated on good authority that taxes in Luzon are being diverted to support the army, instead of being applied to municipal purposes. This was the old Spanish policy, and our bad faith in returning to it will scarcely redound to the honor of the flag, or convince the natives that the President can be trusted in other particulars.

Recent reports to the War Department show that there has been a marked change in the attitude of the military governors of Cuban provinces. Formerly, in their public addresses, though nothing was promised, still Cubans were always led to believe that in the very near future the entire affairs of the island would be turned over to them. Now, this sort of thing is carefully omitted. The military commanders seem to have reason to believe that President McKinley no longer feels as strongly as when he expressed himself that "territorial acquisition as a result of the war would be criminal aggression."

\$12.00 Made To Order \$6.98
Man's Suit, for \$6.98

BY BUYING DIRECT FROM
E. ROSENBERGER & CO.,
202-204 E. 102d St., NEW YORK CITY.
The Largest Clothing
Manufacturers in America.

OUR GREAT BARGAIN OFFER!
\$5 BOYS' ADONIS SUITS FOR \$2.76
With Extra Pants and we Pay Expressage.

These Suits are made up of All Wool Cassimeres trimmed with fast black Satin, the best of workmanship, cut Double Breasted, Blous, 5 to 9 years, with Silk Embroidered Collar, 10 to 12 years, with cut Satin Collar. All Pants have Patent Waist Bands. We send pieces of the cloth and extra buttons, with each suit. Kindly mention if large or small for age.



ROSE & DAVIS

—THE—
Blacksmiths
—AND—
Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

A Free Trip to Paris!

Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the Paris Exposition, with good salary and expenses paid, should write
The PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
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Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

Great CLOTHING Sale At Louis & Gus Straus' LEXINGTON, KY.

Beautiful Cassimere Suits, at : : \$5.00
Beautiful Blue Suits, G. A. R. style, at : 5.00
Genuine Imported Blue Serge Suits, at 10.00
Best 25c. Underwear in the World.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department is the most extensive in Kentucky, and in fit, workmanship, &c., we defy the world.

Our stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing is complete, representing the products of all the leading manufacturers of the United States.

We do not deal in Shoddy Goods, Auction Sale Goods or Fire Sale Goods.

Our reputation for the past thirty years is a sufficient guarantee.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

TRAINING (AND) FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired.

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.



LAMPS!

JOHN M. ROSE,
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

This week invites your attention to the finest line of lamps ever brought to Hazel Green, including, parlor, dining room and kitchen, and they will be sold at "way down" prices.

In the grocery line you will find the best in the market.



Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills
While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of
C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

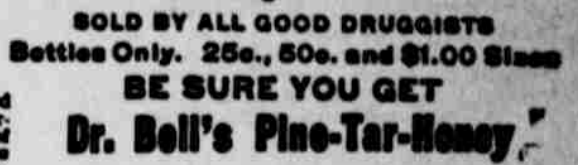
GREATEST FAMILY WEEKLY

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only \$1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

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SAM WISON,

P. E. Brower & Co



THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By

WILL HARRIS

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantini, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Gielow has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantini. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the palisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to choke him in his sleep. Detective had refused just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape. Hendricks call for a crematory employee, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Gielow in his own handwriting postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight. Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Serck, Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Gielow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined. Going to Gielow's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Henri tells of strange influence Bantini had over Gielow. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantini was the murderer, and through hypnotism made Gielow confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others. Hendricks and Lampkin go to Kola's retreat. Kola tells them Gielow is dead, and to prove his supernatural powers claims to go to detective's home in his astral body and bring back a Bible, which is handed to Hendricks amidst a lot of occult haberdash. Kola warns detective an attempt is to be made on his life. Reaching home, Hendricks learns how nearly Kola deceived him when his mother tells of disappearance of Bible after one of Kola's calls during his absence in Boston. Coming now to Gielow's experiences, the story goes back to night of murder. Bantini by his strange power abducted his victim. Gielow wakes in narrow cell and realizes he is starving. Bantini tells his prisoner he is in his power, and how during three days of unconsciousness he had been used to write letters to Miss Huntington and the police. The imprisoned artist manages to loosen a stone in side of cell. Through this opening he decides to send a message to the outside world.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Gielow did not flinch as he thrust the knife blade into his wrist. Compared to the agony of his whole being, the slight pricking sensation was nothing. Then, when the blood had flowed out and stood in a big drop on his left wrist, he began to write his message with the knife blade. It was difficult work even for a skillful artist, for his hand shook as if with ague, and his strength was almost gone. Here is what he wrote, economizing in words, for his space was limited:

"Innocent. Confined by C. Bantini. I know not where. Send help. Starving. Take to police. ARTHUR GIELOW."

Then, rolling the cuff tightly and tying it with the thread, he hurriedly pushed it into the crack. He was afraid the couple would rise and walk on. According to his calculations the roll lodged just beyond the reach of his fingers and then he set about to complete his operation.

He tore his handkerchief into shreds and tying the ends together he made a long string. Then holding pieces of straw to his hand he tightly wrapped them with the strings till he had constructed a rod of straw about four feet in length. With this, after many failures, he finally pushed the cuff through the crevice. He saw it fall from the rock, strike something and leap into the sunlit space. For an instant it was lost to sight, and then he saw it roll into the roadway about 20 feet from the pair on the bench. They happened to be gazing into each other's eyes and did not see it. Then a carriage, the driver of which wore a high hat and a blue coat with brass buttons, whirled past. The hoofs of the horses knocked the blood-stained messenger out of Gielow's sight.

His heart sank within him. Tremblingly he took off his remaining cuff, but the blood drop had become smeared

and dry on his wrist, and his right hand shook pitifully.

"It's no use," he said, with a groan. Again he peered through the crevice. The sun seemed to be going down. The lovers had risen, and, arm in arm, were strolling away. For a few moments Gielow lay motionless on the straw, then he tried to replace the wedge of stone to hide the opening from Bantini, but he was so weak that it fell from his nerveless fingers.

All at once it grew dark about him. He felt as if he were being tossed on the bosom of an angry sea.

Twenty-four hours later there was a hurried step outside. The door opened and Count Bantini came in, holding a lantern over his head. He brought pen, ink, a pad of paper and an envelope. The darkness outside and the shine of his lantern prevented his seeing the crack in the rock.

Putting the lantern down by the artist, he shook him violently.

"Wake up," he said, gruffly. "I want you to write. Write! Write, I say!"

But Gielow did not stir.

The count swore sullenly and lifted the lantern so that its rays fell across the prisoner's face. He thrust his fingers into the bosom of Gielow's shirt. "Breathing, but that is all!" he muttered. "Ah!" as his eyes noted the penknife and the bloody wrist, "he wanted to puncture a vein and get it over, but was too cowardly. Well, you are going fast enough, my boy. I can do without your penmanship."

He unlocked the manacles from the prisoner's wrists and ankles, kicked them aside and left the cell.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next morning after the visit to Kola Hendricks reached his office before his office boy. The first thing he did was to look through the Herald for his advertisement.

It was there, word for word as he had written it. Now he told himself that there was nothing to do but to hope for a reply to it. He busied himself writing letters until nine o'clock, and then Dr. Lampkin hurried in.

"Good morning," he said. "I couldn't go to work today with all this uncertainty on my mind, so I came right here to await developments."

"Glad you came," said Hendricks, cordially, as he bent again over his desk. When he had laid his pen aside Lampkin said:

"I hardly slept a wink last night. I couldn't get that wonderful performance of Kola's out of my head. It is in advance of anything I ever heard of."

Hendricks laughed and recounted what had occurred between him and his mother on his arrival at home.

"Ah, a trick, after all!" cried the doctor, and then his face hardened under an afterthought, "but you certainly mentioned the Bible of your own accord."

"That's the point that kept me awake last night," confessed Hendricks, dryly. For a moment both men were silent, then Lampkin said:

"There is only one way in which he could have done it."

"How is that?" asked Hendricks, deeply interested.

"Kola had the Bible ready, and when he told you to select some article at home I noticed that he gazed steadily into your eyes. Through telepathy and hypnotism combined he must have impressed the idea of the book on your mind."

"But he opposed me in that, he—"

"That was only for effect. The whole thing was most skillfully done. He suggested the Bible to you hypnotically, and forced you to demand that and nothing else."

"Can that sort of thing be done?"

"In the east it is considered mere child's play."

Hendricks stared at his friend for a moment, then he brought his hand down on his desk with a resounding blow.

"By Jove! that makes three!" he ejaculated.

"Three what?" asked the doctor.

"Three similarities between Kola and Count Bantini."

"I don't follow you," said Lampkin, leaning forward eagerly.

"By Jove! it makes four," cried Hendricks, his eyes sparkling. "Listen. As he lay there last night and grew whiter and whiter, I remarked a little indentation on each side of his nose, which must have been made by a pair of pin-nose glasses. Now, as Kola never, to my knowledge, wore glasses, and as Bantini was never seen without them, that similarity occurred to me. Next my glance wandered to his long finger nails, and their greswome points, and Bantini popped into my head again. Then what should enter my mind but that it was Kola himself who had often used that foreign idiom, contained in the letter to Miss Huntington. And now we know that Kola is a hypnotist of rare ability, and so is Bantini."

An exclamation of wonder escaped the doctor's lips.

"Do you really think Kola and Bantini are identical?"

"Oh, no," laughed the detective. "If I did I should act at once. The similarities are there, but they may mean nothing at all."

At this juncture the door opened, and Sergt. Denham entered. His whole manner was that of a man who had suddenly met with great disappointment.

"Good morning, Capt. Hendricks," said he, respectfully, and he made a

careless sign of greeting to Dr. Lampkin.

"Oh, it's Capt. Hendricks, eh?" said the detective, lightly. "What has come over the spirit of your dream, my boy?"

The sergeant sat down awkwardly. A flush was rising in his cheeks.

"I have come to beg for advice," he said. "As you are not concerned in the Caruthers affair, I thought you might be willing to give me a pointer. You see, the chief trusted the whole business to me, and I was so confident of the reliability of certain information I had—"

"In the shape of a letter from Gielow?" broke in Hendricks, smiling broadly.

"Yes," admitted the sergeant, in astonishment. "How did you know?"

"A letter that every known expert declared was no forgery?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on. I'm listening."

For a moment the young officer hung his head in embarrassment, then he pulled himself together and concluded: "But in following the letter up we met with nothing but failure. Mr. Hendricks, I am at the end of my rope, and it really looks as if I am going to be set back. Capt. McRae is furious at me."

"Ah, that would be too bad!" said Hendricks, with a touch of genuine sympathy in his voice. "You have the ingredients of success in your make-up, and, above all, you have enthusiasm, which, when it is well curbed, is the main thing. Your egotism will rub off. I see exactly how the land lies, and I want to help you. In fact, I will, if you will join me."

"I'll do anything in God's world you suggest, Mr. Hendricks," said the sergeant, warmly, a hopeful note coming into his voice.

"Well, just let it be known at headquarters that you have become associated with me in the case, and together we will get what we can out of it. I am no fool, and I know that for a young detective to join me will be no discredit to him, especially if we win."

"It will be the making of me," said Denham, beaming all over. "But I can't see what can be done."

"I can," answered Hendricks, with a glance askance at Lampkin. "Sergeant, I have been hard at work on this case since the night the affair was discovered."

"You have?"

"Yes, and never got any substantial clew till you gave it to me. That's why I am willing to help you now."

"I gave it to you?" said Denham, his brow contracted.

"The cuff with the bloody message on it," exclaimed Hendricks. "It was writ-

ten by Gielow, and he is now starving. If he is not dead, somewhere in confinement. He is in the power of a certain Count Bantini—you read it 'Bantam'—who was a rival of his for the hand of Miss Huntington."

Denham's astonishment was too great to admit of expression.

Hendricks passed a copy of the Herald over to him. "You see," he said, indicating with his finger a place among the personals. "I am trying to find the man whom you sent away without taking down his address. If we knew where he picked up that cuff we would be on the road to success."

Denham crossed his legs and folded his arms awkwardly. Apparently he had a struggle with his pride.

"As far as that is concerned," he said, sheepishly. "I can help you on that point. I remember now that my assistant, who talked with the fellow, told me that he said he had picked up the cuff on the new road which has been cut by an old colonial house above Fort Lee, on the Palisades. I could have told you then, but I was an ass. I was so full of my own importance that I simply lied to you."

Hendricks raised his open hand in the air, all the fingers apart. He was gazing into Lampkin's astonished eyes.

"Five!" he exclaimed. "Kola and Count Bantini are one and the same. Gielow is confined somewhere about the old house."

The sergeant was more than mystified.

Hendricks sprang up.

"Explain it all to him, doctor," he said, pointing to the officer. "I must formulate a plan of immediate action."

He stood at the window, his hands locked behind him, while Lampkin was explaining the matter to Denham, and just after the doctor had finished, he whirled into the adjoining room, routing the astonished office boy from a seat near the telephone.

HE BEGAN TO WRITE HIS MESSAGE WITH HIS KNIFE BLADE.

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"We must prepare Kola for our coming," he said to Denham. "If he sees our turn-out approaching he may give us the slip. I think I can fix him by calling him up a moment."

"Good idea," remarked the sergeant, and he and the doctor drew near the telephone.

Hendricks rang and in a steady, unconcerned tone asked for the desired connection. For a moment he stood perfectly still, holding the receiver to his ear, then he laughed.

"Hello, Kola! I know your voice. I say, my boy, you played me fine last night. I never closed my eyes once. Oh, you needn't laugh. There's no fun in that sort of thing."

"What? Yes, he's upset too. He was in my office as soon as I was, anxious to talk it over. He lost sleep, too, I think. But, I say, Kola, I am in a dilemma about this murder case. I want your advice. When I tell you what I half way suspect I think you may advise me to go ahead. If you have no objections I'll come out with Lampkin and give you my views and then if you still hold that I ought to drop the matter I will do it."

"What's that? A little louder, please?"

"Oh, yes, a thorough convert at last. I shall never make sport of your philosophy, again. Then we may come out at once?"

And then, although the doctor was within reach of his hand, Hendricks raised his voice as if speaking to some one in the next room.

"All right, doctor, he says we may come. I'll send down for a cab."

Imposing silence with a gesture of the hand, the detective led them into the other room and closed the door.

"He's completely off his guard, and tickled to death over my credulity. He'll be the worst surprised individual that ever looked down the barrel of a six-shooter. Now, to business. We'll all three take the elevated to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. I'll telephone for a carriage to meet us there. Doctor, make out an order for some restoratives. In case Gielow is alive we will need them."

Dr. Lampkin pencilled a prescription, and sent the office boy to the nearest drug store.

"I hope," he remarked to Hendricks, "that you are sure of your ground in believing that Kola and Bantini are identical."

"Oh, that's all right," grunted Hendricks. "You see, the count didn't cause Gielow to disappear the very night I got back without a reason. He must have been keeping a close watch on my movements and knew when I returned. My mother tells me that Kola called to ask about me every afternoon during my absence, and he never let a day slip during that time without dropping in this office. Why, every time he came he saw his letter to me lying unopened on my desk. Oh, the whole thing bears the imprint of the Indian, and I could make it clear to you if I had time. In his role as psychic adviser to the rich set he got acquainted with their ways, and, being desirous of getting rich suddenly, he resorted to the Italian nobleman ruse. He felt that I knew him better than anyone else in New York, and tried to blow me out of his path. Failing in that, he may have decided to let me exist awhile longer, but when he had staked his hands with human blood he became shaky and made another trial at my windpipe."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Honors of War.

Little Harry—Pa, what is meant by marching out with the honors of war?

Pa—Well, for instance, if Tommy Brown were to knock you down and pummel you until you yelled "enough," and then let you up and told you to go home and never step into his back yard again, you would march off with the honors of war. But if, instead of letting you up when you confessed you were licked, he kept on pounding you until somebody stopped him, then you wouldn't get off with the honors of war.

"But I wouldn't march off with the honors of war anyway, if that's how it's done."

"Why not?"

"Cause when he let me up and told me to never step in his back yard again, I'd git a rock and swat him."—Cleveland Leader.

An Economical Cook.

A Chinaman will bake a dinner for a dozen with a mere handful of fuel. The boiler he uses is large and cone-shaped, being sometimes two feet in diameter and one foot deep. It covers the fire with merely a small portion of the lower part of the case, but the heat and flames enfold the rest. Water and rice are put at the bottom with a frame over them, and on this are placed dishes of fish, fowl and vegetables to boil. The whole is covered with a wooden cover, in the center of which is a hole about four inches in diameter, and in this another dish is often placed, the contents of which are cooked by the steam.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Proud Descent.

O'Brien—And so Jaykers is proud of his descent, is he?

McTurk—Yis, he is turribly stuck up about it.

"Well, begorra, O'Brien is a bit of a desecnt meself to boast about. Oid desecnded four stories wanst whin the ladder broke and niver spilled a brack!"—Chicago Evening News.

"Honor is Purchased

by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. It is the best medicine money can buy. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Fee Strangely Earned.

It was on the night of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons prize fight, and a man reached the West side apartment house in which he lived about two o'clock. A search of all his pockets failed to bring forth his bunch of keys. He rang the bell repeatedly for the janitor, but could get no response. He was exceedingly tired, there was no hotel in the neighborhood, and, besides, there were family reasons why it was inadvisable for him to spend the rest of the night away from home. The sight of a physician's night bell gave him an idea. He pushed the button hard for 30 seconds or more. In due season the physician came to the door and opened it.

"What is your fee for night calls?" asked the locked-out individual.

"Four dollars," was the astonished reply.

"All right, here you are. I was locked out and couldn't get in. Sorry to trouble you," and he began his weary march upstairs, bappy in the thought of the evils he had escaped.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Shabby Announcement.

A Kansas printer in making up the forms one day in a hurry got a marriage and a grocer's notice mixed up so they read as follows: "John Smith and Ida Quay were united in the bonds of holy sauerkraut which will be sold by the quart or barrel. Mr. Smith is an esteemed codfish at ten cents; while the bride has nice pigs' feet to display."—Michigan Lyre.

Big Four Niagara Falls Excursion.

On August 15 the Big Four route will run their annual excursion to Niagara Falls. The rate will be only \$7.00 from either Cincinnati or Indianapolis with corresponding low rates from other points. Connecting lines will sell excursion tickets via the Big Four route. For full information call on your local agent or address, Warren J. Lynch, G. P. A., Big Four route, Cincinnati, O.

A quarrelsome man is always a petty man.—Atchison Globe.

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA, SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.



Miss Susan Wymar.

Miss Susan Wymar, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter regarding Peruna. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief in Peruna. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Peruna I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wymar.

Mrs. Margaretha Dauben, 1214 North Superior St., Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Peruna is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Peruna for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Peruna has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pelvic catarrh.

Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free book for women only.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Peruna is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Peruna. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA
TEETHING POWDERS



Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and Makes Teething Easy. TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age and Costs Only 25 Cents. Ask Your Druggist for it.

CARTER'S INK
Is what Uncle Sam uses

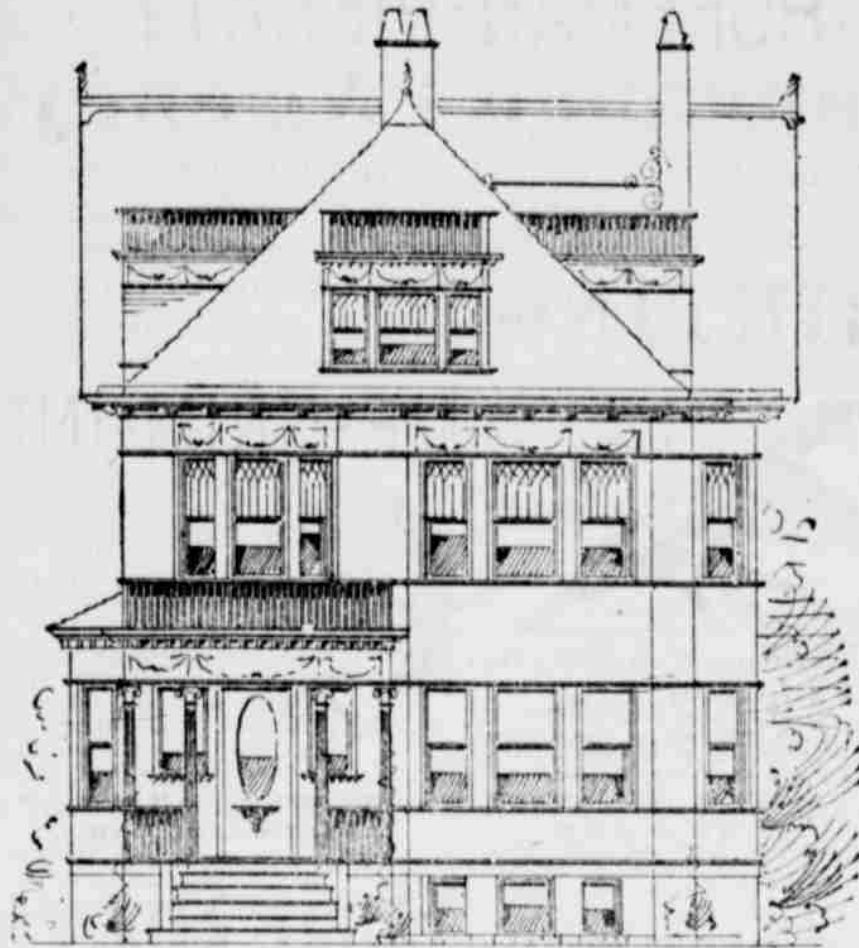
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Art in Architecture.

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR
— THIS PAPER. —

WE TAKE pleasure in laying before our readers this illustration of a modern home. The style of architecture partakes of the colonial character. The treatment presents some rich architectural effects, such as the large circular veranda for the main entrance, with its columnar effect, the handsome frieze and large balcony, the oval bay windows and roof bays.

The arrangement of the interior is thoroughly in keeping with a design of this character, and will meet all the requirements of a modern and convenient home. The foundation walls are composed of blue limestone, the exposed surfaces above the grade being "rock range" random work, neatly pointed with colored cement mortar. A 13-



FRONT ELEVATION OF SEMI-COLONIAL RESIDENCE.

inch wall of hard-burned brick laid in cement mortar extends through the basement from the front to the rear, thus making a firm support for the division bearing walls. This house is of frame construction, the timber used being of the best quality Norway pine.

The studs are 12 by 4 inches; the first floor joists 2 by 10 inches, and the second and third-floor joists 2 by 10 inches, all placed on 16-inch centers. The second and third-floor joists are notched one-half inch over one 1 by 5-inch joist stringer let into the stud one inch and then spiked.

The studs and joists are firmly nailed to each other, the joist being cross-braced with 1 by 3-inch bridging, 3 feet apart, and all interior studs stiffened with diagonal blocking courses. The big rafters are 2 by 8 inches; the ridge rafters are 2 by 10 inches, and all

id poplar, with hole two inch bored through center to keep from checking. The ceiling of the veranda and porch are lined with narrow beaded ceiling, secret nailed. The roof of the building, veranda and porch is covered with cedar shingles. The floors of the attic are yellow pine. Kitchen and pantry floors are maple. The reception hall, parlor, dining and sitting-room floors are parquet floors of oak three-eighth inches thick, blind nailed.

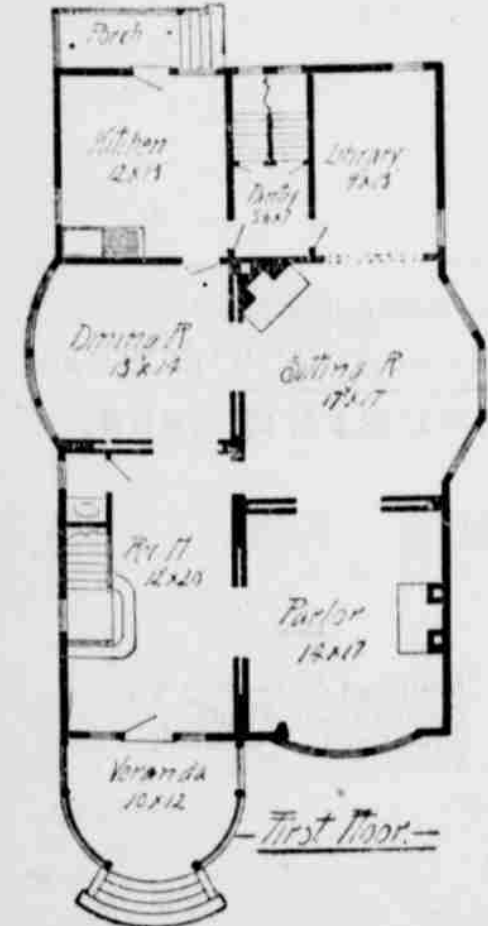
The rest of the floors is common white pine. The floors of the veranda and porch are 3/4 by 2 1/4-inch white pine tongued and grooved and blind nailed to the 2 by 8-inch joist, supported on the 18-inch stone wall. The balcony over the veranda is composed of 2 by 10-inch joist, chamfered down to give a fall to the gutter at all points, on which is laid sheathing of yellow pine covered with tin.

The chimneys are topped out from the roof up with buff pressed brick laid in white cement mortar with sunken joints. All flues are 8 by 8 inches, lined with flue lining.

The inside finish of this home is plain and neat. The main stairs are finished throughout in quartered red oak. The front door is veneered and has an oval plate glass.

All inside doors are five-cross panels, 1 1/2-inches thick, 2 feet 8 inches wide and 7 feet high. The interior wood-work is treated with three coats of best coach varnish, well rubbed, and sand-papered between each coat, the last being a flowing coat. The bathroom is wainscoted with cement, and the capping is of a neat wood molding. All pine wood finish will be painted four coats of ivory white paint. The plumbing is of the open variety, all exposed pipes being nickel plated brass. The tub is white enameled iron, with secret waste and nickel-plated trimmings; syphon jet closet and marble wash stand with 14 by 17-inch oval

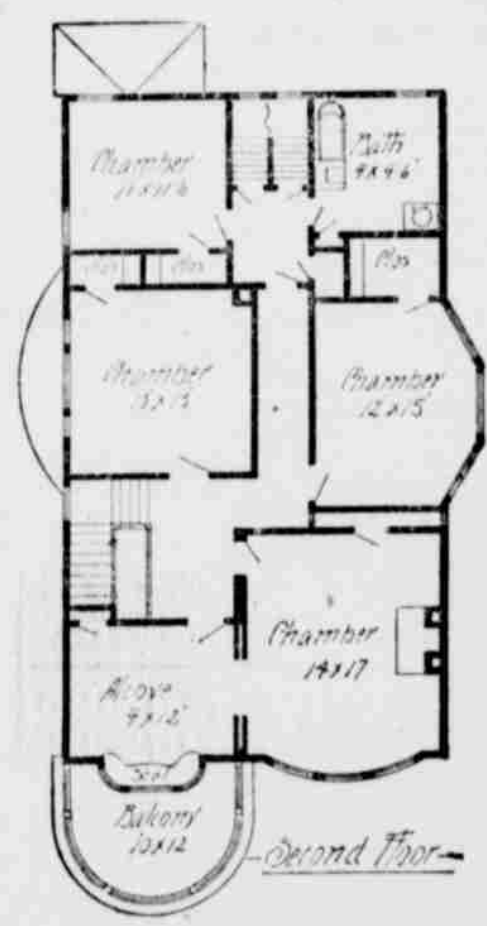
The village would turn out to see "the cart" arrive. The postmaster would pull himself together and assume a severe judicial expression as of one who had weighty business on his hands and must not be lightly approached. The cart would pull up at the post office and disgorge the mail, and then would make for the hotel, and the traveler would alight to be welcomed by the host at the hospitable portals. The village would by this time be at the post office clamoring for their letters and passing unpleasant remarks as to the dilatoriness of the postmaster, heedless of the fact that that official was working like a galley slave inside. The little window would at length be thrown open and the public would receive their mail, and the postmaster would draw a breath of relief and retire into the innermost recesses of his dwelling, and peaceful night would once more settle down on the village.—South Africa.



others 2 by 6 inches, placed 16 inches on centers. The rafter plate is 2 by 4 inches, doubled, all corner posts are 4 by 6 inches. The collar beams are 2 by 6 inches, placed 16 inches on centers, and the plates on the stone wall are two 2 by 10 plank, having broken joints, and well bolted to stone work.

The outside walls and roofs are covered with yellow pine sheathing, planed and matched, blind nailed to every stud and rafter. All plain surfaces on the exterior are covered with water-proof sheathing paper, over which are placed first quality yellow poplar weather boards 3 1/2 inches wide and laid 2 1/4 inches to the weather.

All exterior finish, including veranda, porches, window and door casings, water table, base, brackets, impost, etc., etc., to be of clear white pine. The turned columns on the veranda are sol-



bowl, nickel plated fixtures. The entire house is wired for electric light, and is piped for gas and furnace. The house is fitted up with speaking tubes, electric bells and an annunciator.

The heating is by means of hot air, with open grates in the rooms as indicated on the floor plans.

This home contains ten rooms, the sizes of which are shown on the floor plans. Its cost is \$3,500. The engraving which forms the basis of this article is a direct reproduction from a photograph taken especially for the purpose, and gives a very good idea of the appearance of the structure when completed. GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

J. P. Bryant, the Bardwell (Ky.) millionaire, owns the largest strawberry patch in the world. It covers 1,700 acres and has made his fortune.

NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

Terrible Discomforts of Post Cart
Traveling the Wilds of
South Africa.

In the old days, while in South Africa, the traveler had to trust himself to the tender mercies of the post contractor, and we did so, as a rule, in fear and trembling. There were, as in all else, degrees in the various services, but the man who could have found pleasure in a trip even on the best roads must have indeed possessed a disposition of which Mark Tapley might have been proud. In some of the services on the principal routes from the Cape Colony and Natal the carts were well horsed, the drivers were thoroughly up to their work, and the conditions were made as desirable as was possible under the circumstances. But the carts had been built to suit the roads, the space was strictly limited, and the mails would absorb a considerable quantity of this space, and the unfortunate passenger, jammed in between a couple of other unfortunate, his knees compressed against a pile of bags and his back sore from constant friction against the seat, would sit in silent agony until his destination was reached—the only relief obtainable being when the cart stopped for the night and the weary traveler could throw himself partly dressed on a bed to snatch a few hours' sleep before the driver's call at the earliest dawn warned him that the dread hour had arrived for him to again take his seat in the cart.

The start from town was always of the same nature. The four or six horses would stand pawing the ground while a couple of Hottentots would hang on to their heads, the driver would gather up the reins, and crack his whip, the boys would spring to one side, and the equipage would disappear in a cloud of dust in the distance. On some lines this would hold good at all the various stopping places, but in others, once the first halt was reached, and civilization left behind, a span of weary mules would be dragged reluctantly forth, and the traveler's heart would sink into his boots, and he would glance reproachfully at the driver.

The mules would be spanned and a fresh start made, and the driver's assistant would bring forth his short "sjambok" and prepare for business. Tender-hearted travelers would at first sympathize with the mules; later their sympathy would be transferred to the wretched boy who had to urge them on, by jumping down from the cart every few minutes, and running alongside the animals and belaboring them.

After a time the traveler's sympathy for both would have vanished, and he would mentally consign both to the nether world. When the boy climbed on the cart at intervals the passengers would draw deep breaths. "Everything comes to him who waits," and at length a stage would be reached on the confines of civilization where a span of horses would be produced and a better start made. Like the Irish jarvey, the post cart driver firmly believed in "saying a trot for the avenue," and the coach would wheel into the village in a blaze of glory, the driver awakening the echoes with a shrill blast from his bugle.

The village would turn out to see "the cart" arrive. The postmaster would pull himself together and assume a severe judicial expression as of one who had weighty business on his hands and must not be lightly approached. The cart would pull up at the post office and disgorge the mail, and then would make for the hotel, and the traveler would alight to be welcomed by the host at the hospitable portals. The village would by this time be at the post office clamoring for their letters and passing unpleasant remarks as to the dilatoriness of the postmaster, heedless of the fact that that official was working like a galley slave inside. The little window would at length be thrown open and the public would receive their mail, and the postmaster would draw a breath of relief and retire into the innermost recesses of his dwelling, and peaceful night would once more settle down on the village.—South Africa.

Mosquitoes New to England.

English people will tell you that in their happy isle there are no such things as mosquitoes. One gets pretty well used to this kind of talk, but in this particular instance the beast holds good, or, rather did hold good until within the last few years. It is not alone dollars that the summer tourist has brought to London. Mosquitoes have been imported, and they have distressed the British more than the American visitor. Probably the name is a potent one to conjure with, and some idea of what terrible things are expected of mosquitoes may be learned from this simple tale of the north country: Some miners in remote workings of a Yorkshire colliery reported to the superintendent that they had been much annoyed by the bites of mosquitoes, and found a large and energetic colony of yellow-banded wasps—"yellow jackets," if you like that better.—Ainslee's Magazine.

A Period of Repose.

"It seems real generous of him to let his wife and daughters go off for the summer and leave him at home alone." "Oh, I don't know. Probably he needed the rest himself."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

McKINLEY'S MODESTY.

The Height of Absurdity Reached
by Our Self-Effacing Executive.

Great are courage, sobriety, industry, love, charity, modesty, but the greatest of these is modesty. Our noble executive has of these qualities a plenty, but of modesty he has enough to go around his entire cabinet if he could only induce the members to take some of it.

In the old days, when bashfully admitting that he was really the author of the tariff measure which bore his name; in aftertimes, when, hailed as the shining exemplar of protection, he stood on the floor of congress, clad in light gray "Prince Albert," a red rose in his lapel, his right hand thrust into his bosom; still later, when he deprecated the ardor of worshippers who likened him to the great Napoleon, agreeing blushing that he resembled the Corsican in brain, but averring that physically he was of larger and slimmer build; still later, when, as governor of Ohio, he granted only under extreme pressure that he was the dominant unity of the republican party, and subsequently, when he shriekingly permitted a bunch of enthusiastic idolaters to pay his debts—modesty has been his chiefest, most charming characteristic. It is as much a part of our heaven-born ruler as are his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and patent leather shoes.

The other day we were informed that he would not attend the New York ceremonies of welcome to Admiral Dewey. Men of prominence have besought him, committees have called upon him, the wires have tingled with messages of pleading from Gotham's highest and best, but all to no purpose. Why? Because he is not willing to rob Dewey of the glory that belongs to him; because he is not willing to draw the eyes of the multitude from Dewey and center them on himself; because he will not have the people to split their throats and deafen him with cheers that should be reserved for Dewey; because he believes that, for this occasion only, Dewey is entitled to the center of the stage. It is like him—like our modest, altruistic, self-effacing, chaste, imperial chief.

"His own judgment," we are told by the dispatches, "his own sense of justice and propriety, his natural inclination to give Dewey all of the credit that is coming to him weighed more heavily in the balance than all of the pleadings, arguments and inducements. So it was that he finally decided to remain quietly in Washington during the hubbub and turmoil of the Dewey reception. The original plan of the Dewey committee was for the president, accompanied by Vice President Hobart and the cabinet, to meet the admiral at quarantine. The idea was that there the president should extend to the admiral the thanks and greetings of a grateful public. For a time the president looked upon this plan with favor and he came near to giving it his sanction. But the more he thought over it the more he became convinced that he should do nothing that might dim the luster of Dewey's star."

We ask a common-sense public: "Isn't that delicious?" and await an affirmative reply in confidence. George Dewey, commanding an American squadron not especially powerful in weight or numbers, sailed at nighttime through a narrow passage, over water which he believed to harbor mines, and dared death in so doing. Beginning action of daylight, he achieved one of the most complete naval victories of the ages, without the loss of a man, crushed Spain's strength in Asiatic waters, spelled the downfall of that kingdom and heralded to a watching world that the spirit of dead Decatur lived in American seamen. William McKinley, a republican politician, a congressman of no marked force, an average Ohio governor, was made president of this republic by the mistakes of his opponents. In more than two years of incumbency he has given a steady and unrelieved exhibition of vacillation, weakness, petty politics, subservience to bosses, deference to incompetent subordinates and an inextinguishable desire to harbor, defend and protect rascals. Yet he fears that his presence will "dim the luster of Dewey's star!" The absurd could no further go.—Chicago Chronicle.

—If the g. o. p. managers want a "war hero" to act as McKinley's running mate why do they not fix on Sampson? Sampson killed a mule at Matanzas. Or, there is Shafter, for instance. Shafter vindicated the hammock as a weapon of war at Santiago. Or, there is Egan, for another instance. Egan demonstrated that his mouth was mightier than his sword. Or, as a third instance, there is Capt. Oberlin M. Carter. Carter could give considerable assistance in the work of financing a campaign, having stolen \$1,600,000 from the government and at present enjoying the protection of the administration.—Omaha World-Herald.

—The Chicago platform, like the inaugural address of Thomas Jefferson, was built for all time. We need not repudiate a syllable or idea of it. But when new and important issues arise we can take them into the family and make the campaign upon them without apologizing for any past fight.—W. J. Bryan.

OPPORTUNITY OF DEMOCRATS.

A Time for Wisdom and Counsel
and the Consolidation of
the Party.

That hope which beats eternal in the human breast is a concomitant of democratic faith. A long lease of power, ably and discreetly exercised through the formative period of our national existence, and until long after the experimental stage of our institutions was passed, gave way to a series of reverses no less remarkable. Democracy has had a comparatively small part in the direction of public affairs since 1860, yet it has never thought of abandoning organization, has never failed to make a stubborn fight for supremacy, and has never relinquished the underlying principles of its political creed. The inherent vitality of a party that can thus rise confident and defiant from continued defeats is such as to insure success if its wisdom will not prevent a dissipation of such splendid courage and strength.

The reliance of the republican party upon some fatal blunder on the part of the opposition has too often been verified. There has been want of leadership and of generalship. Instead of massing strength forces have been scattered and divided against themselves. There is a lack of tolerance within the party, a failure to bear and forbear, to modify individual and factional opinions so as to reach such an avowal of principles as will receive loyal and conscientious support from all. With this concessional spirit prevailing the democrats have one of the finest fighting opportunities presented them in half a century.

Merely for the sake of presenting this view of the case in its strongest light, assume that it would be right to bring our financial system under the dominion of those favoring free silver. It is the evidence of one attempt and the conviction of the shrewdest political prophets that the thing cannot be done. Nothing is more certain than that the forcing of this issue in the campaign would lose the support of many who are antagonistic to the republican party in its present attitude. Why, then, commit the folly of making it an instrument of party defeat? Why alienate an element of strength that might insure a victory in the next national contest? As has been said by an ex-United States senator, who supported Bryan: "The silver question is not the only issue which confronts the American people. It is not even the most important one," and the statement is truer now than when he made it.

The imperial policy of the administration, the unprecedented reign of trusts and the underlying principles of democracy as bearing upon the problem of the best popular government, should inspire a platform particularly acceptable to the masses, and if it is not provided them, without the financial plank to which they cannot subscribe, the onus of defeat and the continuance of current misrule will be charged to the platform makers. It is a time for wisdom in council, and the men of the party should address themselves seriously to this question of securing an army that will give triumph to their cause. It is clearly a choice between sacrificing everything or gaining the much that seems attainable.—Detroit Free Press.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—It is not exactly known what McKinley and Hobart are doing in the woods together, but it is suspected that they are celebrating their escape from Alger.—Chicago Record.

—We have had frequent assurances that the republican national convention to be held next year will put into its platform a denunciation of trusts and a demand for their suppression. How will this sound after the attorney-general of the present administration has declared that the federal government has no power over the trusts? Who will believe that such a declaration is honest unless the republican congress which is to assemble in December has done something to restrain trust organization and operation?—Atlanta Journal.

—Senator Chandler says consolidations of capital "beyond a certain point should be resisted." Up to that point they do good by producing more economical production and distribution, but beyond it arrogance sets in on the part of the trust managers and the public is heavily taxed in consequence. Who is going to find the point in all the different industries? Mr. Chandler has faith that the republican managers can put a finger on it, and perhaps this suggestion may well go with the constitutional amendment cure for trusts.—Boston Transcript.

—Our exports to Brazil, which have always been small, are reported to be declining still further owing to the action of the Brazilian government in imposing a new duty of 50 cents a barrel on flour. Inasmuch as flour has been one of our principal articles of export to that country, the amount sent there annually being valued at about \$3,000,000, the balance of trade against us will be larger than ever. It is not strange, therefore, that our flour exporters are urging upon the administration the advisability of retaliatory measures.—Minneapolis Sentinel.

SWAMP. Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.



FOR GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM A. GOEBLE,
of Kenton County.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
J. C. W. BECKHAM,
of Nelson County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
R. J. BRECKINRIDGE,
of Boyle County.

FOR AUDITOR,
GUS COULTER,
of Graves County.

FOR TREASURER,
S. W. HAGER,
of Boyd County.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
CALEB BRECKINRIDGE HILL,
of Clark County.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE,
I. B. NALL,
of Jefferson County.

FOR SUP'T OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
H. V. McCHESNEY,
of Livingston County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE 91ST DIST.
JOS. P. ROSE,
of Wolfe County.

FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
COL. A. W. HAMILTON,
of Montgomery County.

Organize For The Fight.

The reports daily pouring into Democratic headquarters in this city indicate a remarkably rapid growth of the movement against Goebel and Goebelism. There is no longer any doubt that a large majority of the Democrats of the state will vote for Brown and the ticket nominated at Lexington. The important thing to be done now is to effect complete organization of the Democratic forces for Brown in every voting precinct in the state. The Goebel machine has the start in the matter of organization. It also has an advantage in the number of politicians who are in the Goebel band wagon. But there are other leaders as capable as those who have gone over to the Goebel machine. The people are for Brown, and they should not permit their organization for this fight to wait for professional place hunters. The people themselves should take hold of this matter. Brown Democrats should of their own accord call meetings in their respective precincts and organize Brown clubs for the campaign. There should be no delay in this matter. The state organization is proceeding as rapidly and vigorously as possible, but Democrats should not wait until they are called upon by a state committee. Call your own meetings, organize your campaign clubs, appoint your campaign committees and communicate the results to the Democratic campaign committee in the Equitable building or to The Dispatch.

There is no place for a neutral in this campaign. Everybody must take one side or the other, and everybody must either be for or against Goebelism. Which side will you take? Show your colors. Organization is the duty of the hour.—Louisville Dispatch.

The editor of the Farm Journal asks: "Why have a mortgage on the farm, poor crops, rheumatism, sour bread, grip, leak in the roof, hole in the pocket, skeleton in the closet, or any other pain or trouble, when you can get the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, for nearly five years, by paying a year in advance for THE HERALD? This you can do if you are not too late."

Be sure and read our great offer of THE HERALD for a year and the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, all for our paper alone. Just walk up to the captain's office and draw the greatest prize you ever drew.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

Our correspondents are derelict in duty and we want to say that henceforth they will not receive papers except for the week they have news letters. We are dependent upon them for the news and when they fail to send in their favors they put us to great inconvenience.



DAYSBORO DOINGS.

H. C. Lacy went to Hazel Green Saturday.

Woodson Little went to Hazel Green Saturday.

D. D. Davidson was visiting in Hazel Green Sunday.

Curtis Lacy, of Hazel Green, was in Daysboro Monday.

A. V. Austin reports good attendance at the colored school.

E. O. Taulbee comes up often to see about his crop of corn.

C. B. Amyx spent a few moments in Daysboro one day last week.

Noah Taylor and Sarah Isom were visiting in Daysboro Sunday.

School here is progressing nicely under the management of J. R. Debusk.

Miss May Nickell and Pearl Day, of Hazel Green, paid Daysboro a visit Sunday.

Bad Little has not moved away from his farm yet. Bud may decide to locate here permanently.

Prof. John W. Taulbee was at home Saturday and Sunday. He is teaching in Breathitt county.

Taylor South has been holding a protracted meeting at the colored school house for a few days.

Frank Duke is building a nice dining room and kitchen to his residence one mile above Daysboro.

J. H. Sebastian went to Hazel Green Saturday to attend the speaking, and seems to have enjoyed the speaking very much.

Anthony Ferguson, colored, of Lacy creek, is building a dwelling house just above Daysboro, and will move soon, and put his children in the school at Daysboro.

Dr. A. C. Nickell and H. C. Quicksall, of Hazel Green, passed through Daysboro a few mornings ago on their way to Hazel Green, enquiring how far it was to Hazel Green.

S. C. Alexander went to Campton Monday, and some of the boys say he carried in his pocket his resignation as road overseer of the state road from Hazel Green to Daysboro.

There are quite a number of new buildings going up in Daysboro. Fallin & Shockey are building a store house. Osker Fallin, a dwelling house and barn, and some other improvements.

Sept. 5, 1899. CHARLIE.

CAMPTON SPARKLES.

J. R. Tuggle, of Barboursville, was in town Monday.

Vallen Snowden, of Clay City, was in town this week.

Berry Nickel has accepted a position in Easton's mill.

David Rose, of Ezel, was in town this week on business.

Dudley Bryant is mending slowly from an attack of fever.

J. T. Baily, the jeweler, was in Frenchburg several days this week.

Hon. H. G. Garrett, of Bowen, Powell county, was in town Monday.

Hill and Hager will address the Goebel Democrats at the court house Monday.

Mrs. Tolson, who has been suffering with neuralgia for several days, is some better.

Merideth Puckett, of Breathitt county, visited his sister, Mrs. J. K. Cockerham, last Sunday.

Miss Rachel Drake who was chilling for a few days this week, is some better at the present writing.

Charley Buchanan, of Stillwater, was in town Monday. Mr. Buchanan contemplates opening up a shoe shop at this place.

Mrs. Helen Wallace, of Paris, Ill., returned home one day this week after a pleasant visit of several weeks with friends.

James and Samuel Napier, of Montgomery county, were called to the bedside of their brother John, who was wounded last week.

Alex. Osborn and wife, of Frenchburg, were summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Osborn's brother, John Napier, who was wounded by Willie Tutt several days ago. We are glad Mr. Napier is somewhat better.

Harvey Cockerham will leave on or about the 18th inst., for Lake City, Fla., to attend Prof. Marion's school. Prof. Marion was at one time one of the professors of the Lees' Collegiate Institute, of Jackson, Breathitt county.

Sept. 2, 1899. ZIP.

GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

Clayton Calhoun, of Quicksand, is visiting the family of J. H. Vest.

W. T. Haynes, of Menifee county, passed through here today en route home from Quicksand, where he had been on business.

Born, to the wife of Wm. Hollon, September 2d, a girl.

Born, to wife of Rev. J. H. Burcham, August 22nd, a girl.

Willie Vest lost a valuable horse the other day with boots.

Miss Polley Calhoun, of this place, is visiting friends and relatives in Breathitt county.

Hurrah for Goebel and the straight Democrat ticket. I have nothing to say against the Republicans, but think very little of the sore-heads and hooters, would suggest that the hoot-owl be placed at the head of their ticket as a device.

Mrs. J. G. Anderson has just received a letter from her son Boney Dykey, who has been in the Asylum as a lunatic for some time, stating that he was about well and would be home in about one month. Mrs. Anderson was almost overcome with joy.

Below we give the names of pupils who received the highest per cent. on examination of each grade for the past two months of our school in district No. 28, which is now being taught by Mrs. Nannie Cravens: Primary grade, Perlie Ely, 80; 1st grade, Perlina Burcham, 85; 2d grade, Dillard Graham, 87; 3d grade, Jimmie Vest, 89; 4th grade, Millie Ely, 91; 5th grade, Clarence Pratt, 93.

Sept. 4, 1899. UNCLE REMUS.

MORGAN COUNTY.

CONSOLATION CHAT.

James Traulbee, who has been seriously ill, is some better.

C. C. Gillaspie and M. B. Nickell are in Magoffin county on business.

Thomas Lee bought of Sebron Walters one horse for which he paid \$60.

Mrs. J. W. Wallis and daughter were visiting on Laurel Saturday and Sunday.

J. F. Caskey, grandfather of Kelly Gillaspie, has taken him home to stay a while.

There was a large crowd at the sale, and we are informed that everything went cheap.

Mort Pieratt bought a kitchen outfit at the sale, and we all can judge the intention of Mort.

Mrs. J. R. Blankenship and two sons, of Montgomery, are visiting their many relations and friends in this county.

Lige Blankenship left Monday morning for Montgomery county where he will spend a few days among relatives and friends.

We visited Mrs. Dora Swango's school Friday and from the appearance she is the right teacher in the right place. She informed us that she had enrolled 72 scholars, and that there was 55 in regular attendance.

Sept. 4, 1899. DRAKE.

On Sunday at the Christian church the topics for sermons will be, at 11 a. m. "Transformation Against Conformation," at 7:45 p. m., "Our Plea and Missions." Everybody is earnestly urged to be present at both services.

The enrollment at Hazel Green Academy on Monday was the best enrollment ever made on the first day of the session. It was nearly five hundred per cent. more than on the first day nine years ago, when the present management began school.

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SADDLES!



Since I opened my store in April I have sold in the neighborhood of \$500 worth of saddles—saddles for ladies, saddles for men, saddles for girls, saddles for boys—and in every case rendered entire satisfaction. If you need one call and see me.
JOHN M. ROSE.

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SOLICITOR,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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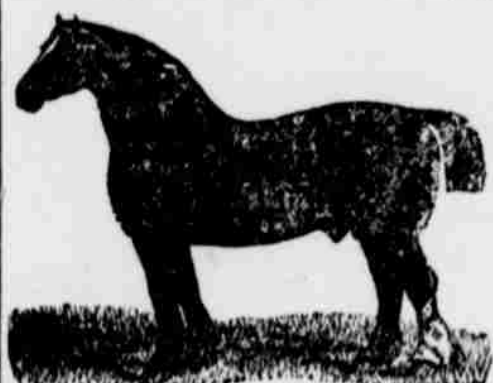
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For circular of his famous and responsible **COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY**. Awarded Medal at World's Exposition. Refers to thousands of graduates in position. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Books and Board in family, about \$60. Short-hand, Type-Writing, and Telegraphy, Specialties. The Kentucky University Diploma, under seal, awarded graduates. Literary Course free, if desired. No vacation. Enter now. Graduates successful. In order to have your letters reach us, address only, **GENERAL WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.** Note.—Kentucky University resources, \$500,000, and had nearly 1000 students in attendance last year.



CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,

Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal, money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A lein on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beatty 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beatty 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rifleman 670.

NOTE.—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables. Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

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Hair Store.

We have in stock a full line of Hair Switches, from \$1.00 to \$10.00 each. Wigs, Curls and Puffs, Pompadour and Empire Combs; all styles of Hair Pins. Corsets and Waists fitted to the form. Stamped Linens at reduced prices. Silk at three (3) cents per skein. COLORINE, for changing the hair to any shade. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

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The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain and that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Underdevelopment and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now, but WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write today for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

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SPRING 1899.

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WM. H. CORD, Principal.

Hazel Green, Ky., 7-11-99.